

(By L. Cope Cornford.)

Just one hundred years ago a passenger named Henry Clutterbuck took his seat in the stage-coach which ran from London to Brighton. The traveller, contemplating the band of white and frozen landscape, fringed with trees and intersected with brown hedges sliding continually past the coach window, and harkening to the rumble of wheels and the hollow clatter of hoofs, which set themselves in a wearisome cadence, had in his mind his journey of thirteen years ago. Down the same road, thirteen years ago, the post-chaise swung through the thick dust toward the open sea, between luxuriant hedges of vivid green; carrying him to the lady who had so inspired him. The traveller remembered now that hopeful passion had come to nothing, and how he had subsequently forgotten it; and he was dwelling upon these memories, when his malady attacked him, and a spasm of pain stopped the wheel of thought. He swallowed a portion from a little vial, and soon dropped into a stupor. The coach stopped to change horses, he awoke, the pain being somewhat assuaged, and looks out of his corner at the passengers going in and out the inn for liquor, stamping up and down the iron road, and beating their hands together. The nipping wind flicks the blood into their faces. Mr. Clutterbuck has an intense in the common-place scene which his fellow-passengers have not, since it is the last of the sort he is likely to behold; and yet they impress him with an air of stupid indifference. The ringing notes of the horn as the coach starts forward strike upon his senses as all of a piece with the scarlet faces which had speckled the white landscape. The coach wheels and the beating hoofs take up their former tune, and the wheel in his head begins to turn once more, throwing up forgotten fragments of his life. With sense of detachment he regards himself from without; sees himself strolling through his three-and-thirty years, taking his pleasure where he found it; talking a good deal, drinking and gambling now and again, sometimes casually indulging in adventures; constant to his duties, but one day of fencing, until the catastrophe befell which set a limit to his pleasant doings. Now, beyond a vivid space of the familiar world, he perceived that which should presently fall and shut him out into the dark. But there was one loose thread in the web of his life, which with a purpose, part sincere and part whimsical, he desired to weave into the promiscuous design before he was torn from the loom.

The coach swung down the long hill in the colored dusk, and pulled up at the door of the Castle Tavern, on the Steyne. Harry Clutterbuck, dining by himself at a small table in the painted room, unconsciously noted the lady and gentleman who had occupied the places opposite to him in the coach, dining together. The man had a very heavy stoop, and a handsome face with a sly twist in it; and as he talked to his companion he looked sidelong from under his brows.

Sitting over the fire with his liquor, Mr. Clutterbuck presently dropped an opiate into his glass, drank off the contents, and went to bed. The next morning Clutterbuck hired a chaise and drove eastward along the hills. On his right lay the glittering levels of the sea, beaten flat by an offshore wind from out of the bitter northeast; on his left, the swelling uplands, white with rime and glistening in the sunlight, rose upon the cloudless blue. Turning inland along a valley, the traveller passed through Ovingdean village, and struck into a rough trackway leading over the hill's shoulder to the right.

As he went the traveller saw, as in a picture the figure of his former self, attired in lace hat and coat, white buckskin breeches and powdered hair, whirling this way thirteen years ago, through fields of spring. Mr. Henry Clutterbuck, considering this fine young man with a frigid interest, thought him a good deal of a fool.

Reaching the summit of the hill, Clutterbuck stopped the chaise, desired the driver to await his return, and, alighting, walked forward. Beneath him, in the hollow, stood a great smoke house, girl about the trees; blue smoke curled from the chimneys; and beyond, sloped the long roofs of farm buildings, whence arose the cheerful noise of cocks and hens. Clutterbuck passed through a gate in the new flint wall (there used to be a hedge and a green opening), and entered the little wood which climbed the hill upon a steep ascent, where the branches brushed the upper windows of the house. A winding path led downward. Coming opposite to the long window of a room on the ground, and a little above it, Clutterbuck stopped; and the next moment stepped aside behind a holly bush, from which he could see into the room without being seen from there. For within that chamber, standing before the fire of logs, was the woman he had come to see; and beside her stood a young man with a pink fresh face, who was looking at Menella. Waring exactly as Mr. Clutterbuck had regarded Menella Harbord thirteen years ago. Save that Menella was something stouter in figure, and wore her dark hair bound with a red ribbon in which a jewel twinkled, instead of flowing loose upon her shoulders, the thirteen years had passed upon her like breath upon a mirror. Clutterbuck looked for a moment with the same cold curiosity; then a spasm of pain took him, so that he must sit down on the frosted leaves, and drink from his vial. Though the fiery mist which settled upon him he saw the two figures draw together and stand entwined in an embrace. The mist cleared away by slow degrees. Mr. Clutterbuck discovered himself contemplating two definite ideas. One, that the fresh faced young gentleman was not the husband of Menella Waring; the other, that Mr. Harry Clutterbuck, nearing the shades so swiftly, had no longer any reason for lingering in this place. Although in his peculiar situation he might have played the innocent spy with the enfranchisement of one returned from the dead, Mr. Clutterbuck turned away and began to ascend the hill once more. For the first time, he was conscious of the hoarse music of the wind-rushing through the trees; and, harkening to this, he was nearing the edge of the wood, when the clatter of hoofs, now falling dull on the turf, now ringing on flint, mingled in the sound. The next moment, a horseman rode by at a reckless gallop; and Clutter-

the further carriage of the head, the gentleman who had yesterday occupied the seat opposite to him in the coach. Emerging from the wood, Clutterbuck saw him turn in at the great entrance gate below, and ride up the drive; watched him hastily dismount, send his horse trotting staidly with a cut upon the loins, and saw him vanish into the house.

"Oh!" said Clutterbuck, with a flash of inspiration, "Mr. Thomas Waring. Mr. Thomas Waring of whom I have heard, but whom I have never seen until yesterday." Clutterbuck sat himself upon the wall and looked down upon an open space, whence the trees stood away in front of the square porch, where the gravel sweep cut off the segment of lawn. The sun struck dazzling upon the rime which lay smooth upon the gravel and feathered upon the turf, and outlined the mouldings of the porch, and cast a blot of shadow within it, and without drew delicate tracery of shadows upon the whiteness. Presently this solitary spot, so silent and so brightly lighted, with the hoofmarks leading up to the door, began to fascinate Mr. Clutterbuck. He sat for some time, despite the freezing wind and the pain which gnawed within him, waiting.

At last the door opened, and the young man whom Clutterbuck had espied in so delectable an attitude came out upon the steps, followed by the tall figure of Mr. Thomas Waring. The two men bowed to each other, the younger walked down the drive, the elder stood looking after him for a moment, sidelong, with his head bent, then turned and went into the house, shutting the door behind him with a heavy clang.

The young man came up the hill toward Mr. Clutterbuck, walking at a great pace. As he approached, Clutterbuck observed that his face was troubled and that he muttered to himself. He passed the gentleman seated on the wall without perceiving him, whereupon Clutterbuck rose and overtook the agitated young man by the time they had reached the chaise.

"Are you going toward Brightonstone, sir?" said Clutterbuck. "If so, permit me to offer you a seat in my chaise."

The other looked at him doubtfully for a moment, then, with a word of thanks he accepted the offer. Clutterbuck, taking note of the youth's appearance and expression as they seated themselves side by side in the chaise, saw a tall and lithe person, with pretty blue eyes, whose forehead and nose descended in the same line upon the full lips and long, rounded chin, and whose hair was at once self-conscious and aggressive.

"Can you tell me, sir," inquired Mr. Clutterbuck, "if squire Harbord who used to live in the big house yonder, be still alive?"

"He died some four years ago," returned the youth.

"Aye," said Clutterbuck. "And who has now the estate—his daughter Menella?"

"His daughter inherited the estate—yes," the other answered, with an elaborate assumption of ease. "She married Mr. Thomas Waring soon after the old man's death," he added. "Did she, indeed? Well, well," said Clutterbuck. "Sir," he went on, "you must not think me impertinent—but I am very desirous to hear some news of Mrs. Waring, whom I knew as Menella Harbord many years ago. Do you chance to know her, may I ask?"

The youth at his side gazed steadily at the white fields rising in front of them, and the pink of his complexion deepened.

"Yes," he answered, awkwardly, "I happen to know Mrs. Waring."

"I trust she is well and happy," said Clutterbuck.

"I believe she is very well, sir."

"Has she children?" asked Clutterbuck.

"No," returned the other. He seemed about to add something, but if he were, he changed his mind, and was silent.

They drove on without speaking, until the speckled cluster of distant houses and the film of smoke darkened upon the shining sea and sky beyond the glistening shoulder of the hill. "Sir," began Clutterbuck once more, in the same indifferent tone he had used throughout, "do you know if Mrs. Waring be happy in her marriage? Before you answer I must ask your indulgence to listen to me for a moment while I explain to you my reason for asking. I do not think it likely you will repeat what I am going to tell you," he added.

"I shall not repeat it, sir," said the lad, starting at him uneasily, and Clutterbuck went on speaking before the words were out of his companion's mouth. "I may tell you, sir, that when a very young man my affections were deeply engaged with Miss Menella Harbord. Circumstances came between us, and as it fell out the affair came to nothing more than this, that now I am an old man I still retain a thread of interest in her welfare. I would like to think she was happily married."

The lad continued to stare intently at his companion with a growing bewilderment. His mouth was open, and he snored in his breathing. "Sir," went on Clutterbuck, "when I tell you further that, although, as you see, I am not very old in years, my course is run—for my physician informs me I have not five days to live—you may have the less delicacy in replying to my question."

As though spellbound, the young man stared and snored at Clutterbuck for some moments in silence.

"Whether or no," he said at last, breaking the charm with a burst, "I am engaged to fight Thomas Waring to-morrow morning," and immediately fell under the spell again.

"Aye, indeed," said Clutterbuck. "You have quarrelled then?"

"By God, yes!" answered the young man, emerging from the spell again, with a short laugh.

There was another silence.

"Come, sir," said Clutterbuck, breaking it. "Do me the favor once more to recollect the unusual circumstances in which I am placed; and tell me, if you honor, supposing this gentleman should be killed in the encounter, in what manner would it affect his widow? I have always thought that one should consider these things." And he continued to discourse until the boy's reserve melted, and he began to confide in his companion. It appeared from his conversation that Mr. Thomas Waring was a good deal of a scoundrel, inasmuch as he was unfaithful to his wife, and gambled, and paid his losses with his wife's money, and, as rumor had it, consistently ill-treated her.

"I am not without some little experience in affairs of honor," said Clutterbuck presently, "and if you have no better person in your mind, it would give me pleasure to be of service to you in this matter."

"I am vastly obliged to you, Mr. Clutterbuck," said the youth. "My name is Wichelo—Eligato Wichelo."

"My service to you, Mr. Wichelo," said Clutterbuck; and, without appearing to notice the hesitation with which the other had accepted his proposal, or the hint as to his name, he went on to discuss the details of the meeting. The weapon was to be the small sword, the place the three-acre lot beyond the avenue leading past the home farm from Mr. Waring's house; the time, 7:30 the next morning.

"And at that place, and at that time, you will find me, Mr. Wichelo, with a very neat cast of foxes; as pretty a pair of Toledos as you will not often see," said Clutterbuck.

By this time, having arrived at the Castle Tavern, they parted with an exchange of compliments.

Mr. Clutterbuck dined, and, sitting over the fire, slowly and thoughtfully drank a bottle of the best wine in Mr. Samuel Shergold's cellars. Then he called for paper and ink, wrote two lines, sealed the billet, and put it in his pocket, and, concealing a case of swords under the cape of his overcoat, he set out on foot eastward across the downs.

The sunlight and sparkle were gone. The sea stretched inert and livid to the dark horizon. Across the scowling heavens great black clouds were slowly drifting, and presently a thick shower of snow began to beat in the face of the traveller. Still he pressed steadily forward. The pain which had so long tormented him had ceased for the time, and his senses were quickened to an extraordinary clearness. But while he was vividly conscious of the gloom and solitary isolation of the great and solitary fields of hills, the dead plain of waters, the black sky, and at the same time of every frosty twig upon the shivering trees, every pebble and indentation in the path, all the province of mind and memory seemed to him utterly stale and trivial, as a tale that had been told and retold to nausea.

Again the traveller came upon the summit of the hill, which descends so sharply upon the one might he pitched a pebble upon the roof. He saw the fire-lit windows twinkle redly through the little wood, and stood within the porch. Clutterbuck paused a moment, looking out upon the cold and savage desolation which he seemed so more than a moving part. Then he turned about, and knocked upon the door in a certain manner which he used to employ thirteen years ago.

The door was opened by a footman, to whom Clutterbuck gave his letter. "Give that to Mr. Waring, if you please," said Clutterbuck, and was turning away, when he heard Menella's voice within.

"Who is it?" said she. "A messenger, madam," answered the man, going toward the inner door. "Ask him to come in," she cried. "Why do you ask him within?"

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The lackey turned to the open door, but the messenger was no longer there. The man went out upon the steps and looked up the road and down, and across the valley, but no messenger could he see in all the snowy landscape. Turning about with a bewildered visage, he perceived his lady standing on the threshold.

"Well!" she said, with a singular sharp accent.

But Mr. Clutterbuck had swiftly rounded the angle of the house, entered the little hall, and was standing in the avenue leading to the three-acre field. As he walked, the pain suddenly returned upon him with staggering violence. He had instant recourse to his cordial, and so saved himself from swooning. The pain abating, he was conscious of a passing odor of violets. There used to be violets here, but this is not the time of year, he thought drowsily.

As he came to himself, the illusion left him, and passed immediately from his thoughts; and reaching the gate which led into the field, he leaned his arms upon it, and waited.

Presently Clutterbuck heard the muffled tread of footsteps in the snow, and turned about.

"Mr. Waring?" said he. "At your service, sir," returned Waring, with a manner of great politeness, but looking blackly upon him.

"I am sorry to have to put you to this inconvenience, in asking you to meet me in this retired spot," said Clutterbuck. "But I hoped to consult your wishes, in keeping this little affair as private as possible."

"Sir," said Waring, "you are most considerate. Indeed I would have had the matter so private that I had no intention of requesting the offices of a friend. I thought Mr. Wichelo had understood this."

"I presume, sir," Clutterbuck went on, "that you are fully determined to—? That no apology?"

"Sir, there can be no apology, nor any arrangement made," Waring answered, with determination.

"Exactly," said Clutterbuck. "Well, well. I believe you are a great hand at the weapon, sir, are you not? I have heard the famous Mr. Angelo, when I have been in his rooms in London, speak of your talents. I have often thought I should like a bout with you."

"I shall be very happy to afford you any diversion in my power," said Waring, looking downward at the other's feet, raising his glance for a moment, then dropping it again.

"Why, then, pray let us arrange a meeting, sir," said Clutterbuck.

"With all my heart," rejoined Waring.

ing. "Will you name a day that shall suit your convenience?"

"And why not now?" cried Clutterbuck. "All flesh is grass, and were one of us never to see another morrow, what an opportunity were lost! And very apropos, here is a case of swords."

Mr. Waring's uneasy glance dwelt attentively upon him for a moment.

"So Mr. Wichelo has hired a bravo. Now I understand," said he, with a formidable accent. "I thank you, sir, but I must, after all, decline your obliging offer."

"I hope not," said Clutterbuck, with a laugh. "For, believe me, you are entirely mistaken. Besides, if you will consider, my dear sir," he added, "it can make no sort of difference to you whether you are poked by Mr. Wichelo or by me. Come, Mr. Waring," he went on, with a sudden change of manner, "you must fight with me, you must indeed." He opened the case of swords and held it toward the other. "Will you choose one?"

For a moment they remained in the same attitude, Clutterbuck fixing the other's shifty regard with a steady gaze.

Waring dropped his glance, and turning his back upon his challenger, began to walk away. Clutterbuck stepped swiftly in front of him and flicked him on the cheek with his open hand; and at the touch Waring's face altered with an instant, indescribable transformation. Without a word he snatched a sword from the case which Clutterbuck held open in front of him, and made so rapid a pass that the other only saved himself by leaping backward.

"Stop!" said Clutterbuck, with a wary eye upon his antagonist, "we will proceed in order, if you please. Put up your sword and I will do the same, while we take off our coats."

Waring hesitated for a moment, then dropped it and laid it aside. Clutterbuck put a vial to his lips, drained it, and, tossing it away, divested himself of his outer attire, let the clothes drop on the ground, and picked up his sword. The snow had ceased falling; the wind was still, and a profound silence, the immense tranquillity of the downs, brooded over the white fields, canopied by the low, gray sky.

"We will dispense with the customary salute, if you please," said Clutterbuck. "Are you ready?" On guard, sir."

The blades clashed together. Never in his life had Mr. Harry Clutterbuck felt so supreme a union between himself and his weapon: an inspiration which might last, he felt for three or four minutes. But in less than half that space of time he ran Mr. Waring through the body, so that the latter jarred upon his breastbone.

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by a steamer. The crew of One Found Duffing at Sea in an Open Boat

Philadelphia, November 16.—The closing portion of the voyage of the steamship Beigenland, which arrived today from Liverpool, was eventful and interesting to those on board, and to the watchful eye of the lookout can be credited the saving of a number of lives.

On Sunday morning the water-logged and sailless schooner Willie E. Maxwell was sighted and she was taken in tow to the great relief of her crew of ten men, the vessel having become helpless.

On Monday morning a small boat was sighted drifting helplessly with five men aboard. When the men were taken on board the steamship it was found that they were the crew of the abandoned schooner The Dean. Captain James F. Hodson, of the Dean, had been washed from the small boat and lost. He resided at Somerville, Mass., and leaves a widow, two daughters and a son. The Theodore Dean left South Amboy on Friday last for Norfolk, with a cargo of coal. When off Absecon light she lost her main sail and on Saturday at noon, when forty-five miles east, northeast, off Barnegat, she sprung a leak, a plank having been torn from her side. The vessel filled rapidly and with four feet of water in her hold the captain at 1:30 p. m., ordered the small boat lowered and the crew, six men all told, left the ship. An hour later the vessel was seen to sink. There was a heavy sea and a tremendous gale and the small boat was kept to rights with great difficulty. At 6:50 o'clock the boat was raised almost on end and Captain Hodgson was swept overboard. The oars were also lost and most of the boat were left with a small log of driftwood from that time until 9 o'clock Monday morning, when it was sighted by the Beigenland and the men rescued from their perilous situation.

The shipwrecked men suffered greatly from cold and hunger. They had with them in the boat only a small quantity of biscuit and a gallon of water. The rescued men spoke feelingly of the treatment they had received on the Beigenland.

The schooner Willie L. Maxwell, which was taken in tow by the Beigenland on Sunday morning off Nantucket, was launched only a year ago at Franklin, Me.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache. R. R. Bellamy.

A Verdict Against Her Father-in-Law New York, November 15.—A sheriff's jury in Brooklyn today gave a verdict for \$5,000 to Mrs. Florence Van Schaack against her father-in-law, Peter Van Schaack, for the alienation of her husband's affections. Peter Van Schaack is head of the firm of Peter Van Schaack & Co., druggists, of Chicago. He is said to be a millionaire. The plaintiff lives at Bath Beach. On March 20, 1888, she was married to John Van Schaack, at Pensacola, Fla. Since that time the couple have lived in New York, Chicago and New Orleans. On March 26, 1897, the couple separated. Mrs. Van Schaack in her affidavit alleges that she was abandoned and that her father-in-law alienated her husband's affections.

J. M. Thirswend, of Groesbeck, Tex., says that when he has a spell of indigestion, and feels bad and sluggish, he takes two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers at night, and he is all right the next morning. Many thousands of others do the same thing. Do you? R. R. Bellamy.

Papers in Captain Carter's Case Referred Washington, November 15.—Secretary Alger has decided to refer to the judge advocate general of the army the record of the court of inquiry in the case of Captain Carter, corps of engineers, who is alleged to have been guilty of irregularities in the Savannah harbor improvement works. Nothing concerning the nature of the court findings has been given out for publication by the war department, but the action taken by Secretary Alger in referring the papers gives rise to the belief that further proceedings are to be had.

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. Instant relief and a certain cure are afforded by One Minute Cough Cure. R. R. Bellamy.

German Troops Landed in China Cologne, November 15.—A despatch to The Cologne Gazette from Berlin says that the sailors and marines belonging to the German cruiser Division off the coast of China, have made a landing in force at Kiaochan bay, the nearest port to Yen-Chu-Fu, in the southern part of the Chinese province of Shan-Tun, where the German missionaries were recently murdered, with the view of forcing the government of China to completely satisfy the demands of Germany.

Warning.—Persons who suffer from coughs and colds should heed the warnings of danger and save themselves suffering and fatal results by using One Minute Cough Cure. It is an infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. R. R. Bellamy.

The Roman Catholics Exalted Lima, via Galveston, Texas, November 16.—Mr. Jarrett, an American Protestant missionary, has successfully passed an examination at Cuzco, capital of the southern province of that name, former capital of the Incas and the most ancient of the Peruvian cities, with a view of establishing a school there. His intention has greatly excited the Catholic party.

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